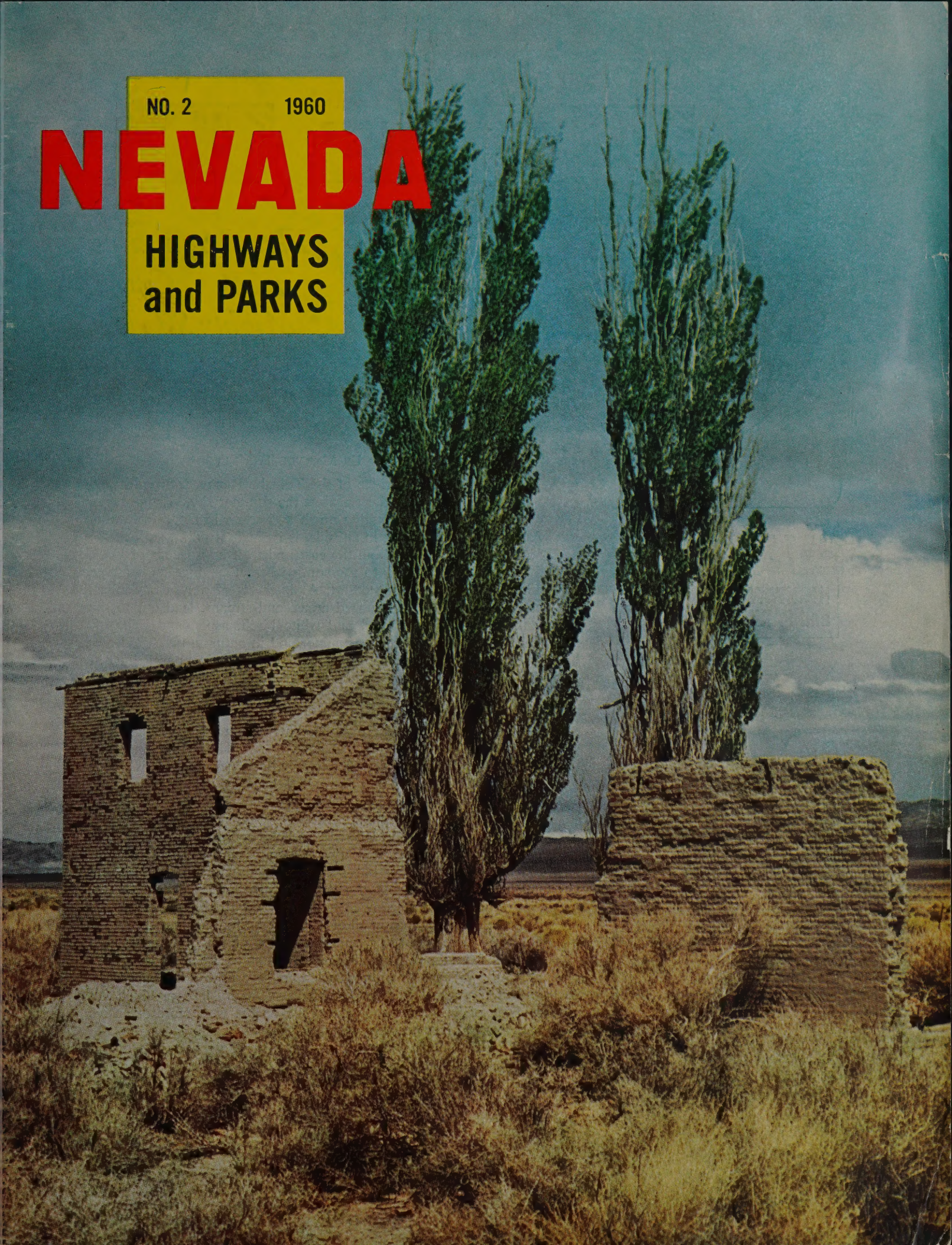


NO. 2

1960

NEVADA

HIGHWAYS
and PARKS





THE TOI

These Mountains Cast a Mighty Shadow in Central Nevada

By MYRTLE T. MYLES

The high ridge of the Toiyabe Range, snow-whitened in winter and dark against the summer sky, rises between two long valleys running north and south in central Nevada. Arc Dome, 11,775 feet in altitude, is its highest point, and can be seen at great distance from the east and west approaches of U. S. 50, and from U. S. 95 to the south where the range ends at the edge of the San Antone desert. At intervals of only a few miles, canyons cut back into rugged areas, and streams lead out to the valley, tree-lined with red and white birch, aspen and Balm-of-Gilead; threads of green in summer and in autumn, pure gold.

It is a lofty range among lesser mountains paralleling it. Although the Toquimas to the east and the Shoshones to the west also have their peaks, the Toiyabes tower over all the area.

The name Toiyabe is of Shoshone origin, "toi" meaning mountain, not only in Shoshone, but also in Paiute, since both tribes belong to the greater Shoshonean, or Snake family, and have many language similarities. The translation generally given is "black mountains," probably so designated because of the piñon and juniper that make a dark covering the year round. The "toi" can also be detected in Toquima, this range being named for a band of Mono Paiutes who invaded the Shoshone country before the coming of the whites. They were a warlike and savage group who drove out early prospectors, but became integrated with their Indian neighbors until all traces of a separate tribe have vanished.

Mountain mahogany is interspersed with the evergreens on Toiyabe slopes, and as in all of Nevada, the foothills are sagebrush covered where, in spring, many varieties of wild flowers bloom. Streams from the canyons sink into the sand to rise again as springs along the valley floor around which are several wild hay meadows, and at times rain or snow fills the ancient dry lake or alkali flat midway of Smoky on the east, while on the west more extensive meadowland is watered by Reese River and its tributaries.

Along the crest of the range runs the Toiyabe, or "Government" Trail, from the ranger station at Kingston to Mahogany Mountain south of Twin River. Parts of this were once old cattle trails and before that, probably paths made by Indian hunters. It was along this ridge in the seventies that pioneer ranchers of Smoky

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YABES



Valley carried baby trout from the source of "Panguich-pa" (fish-water), as the Shoshones called the Reese, to plant in the barren streams on the east side of the range.

Over this new-old trail one may travel now by horseback. It is a four-day trip unless, as usually happens, one wishes to stop over to explore, fish or hunt. Taking more time, hikers find it an interesting and rewarding trip. Almost every canyon which the trail crosses has its old mill and deserted mines, and in two are the ruins of once lively towns. Cattle now graze among the ruins of

these, Kingston and Ophir Canyon, and in Belcher Basin near the south end of the trail is a mountain meadow long used as summer cattle range. There are three well-equipped Forest Service camps and ranger stations at Peavine, Kingston and on Reese River, and a campground at Big Creek.

On the east side of the range and about halfway down, near the Nye-Lander county line, sharp gray cliffs stand out against a darker background, and a little farther north Bunker Hill, 11,477 feet high, overshadows one of the loveliest of the Toiyabe canyons, Kingston, mentioned above.

Fremont was the First to Explore Magnificent Smoky Valley

It was probably Bunker Hill Peak, seen from the northeast, that guided Captain John Charles Fremont in 1845, the first white man known to have entered Smoky Valley. Fremont, on his third western exploring expedition, had divided his party near the Ruby Mountains, sending the main contingent down the Humboldt River led by Edward Kern, topographer, with Joseph Walker as guide. Arranging a rendezvous at Walker Lake, on the former Walker trail, and taking ten men, of whom Kit Carson, Dick Owens, Lucien Maxwell, Basil Lajeunesse and several Delaware Indians were a part, the "Pathfinder" directed his way to the southwest hoping to explore this unknown part of the Great Basin. According to his journals the first camp in the Toiyabe country was at the extreme northern end of Smoky Valley on a stream now known as Birch Creek, which he named Basil Creek for his favorite aide, Basil Lajeunesse, the French-Canadian voyageur who had accompanied him on two previous western trips.

It was mid-November and the Indian Summer haze from which the valley later took its name had been dispersed by an early light snowfall,

whitening the ridges of the mountain range. The pinenut crop, principal food of the Shoshone inhabitants, had just been harvested and the natives were preparing to hold a Fandango (the Shoshone word is "Neggikin") to celebrate that yearly event. Never having seen white men or horses they were terrified and hid themselves in the mountain canyons where they built signal fires to warn all of their people and from these hiding places watched the strange creatures from afar. "Hungry Bill," a Shoshone who lived at Darrough's Hot Springs years later, claimed to have been told by the older men of the tribe that a few ventured near and traded with the Fremont party, but the old Shoshone woman, "Hoobetitchie," who was a young woman in 1845 and who related the story to my grandparents (early settlers of the valley), spoke only of their great fear. With her youngest in a baby basket on her back and twin boys clinging to her rabbit-skin robe, she dodged about in the high sagebrush at their approach and finally reached a canyon hiding place.

In his *Memoirs* Fremont says: "At one of our camps on the footslopes of a ridge, we found springs of boiling water, but a little way from the spring of cold water which supplied us." This camp, second in the valley, was the present Darrough's Hot Springs. Two encounters with the Indians of the locality are mentioned in the *Memoirs*: Cooking a "brace of squirrels" beside a campfire was a lone hunter whom the Captain was forced to defend from the Delawares, as they wished to kill the stranger. They stole the Shoshone's bow and arrows, he relates, and when Fremont discovered this he made the Delawares go back and return the weapons fearing the "aborigine" would starve without his only means of securing game. At another point an old woman appeared out of the darkness, probably believing their campfire to be that of some of her own



people who, it developed, had left her here at a spring to die of starvation. The Fremont party provided her with food and she quickly disappeared. Either or both of these encounters could have taken place in—or at least near—the valley.

Folk tales about the “coming of Fremont” to the valley are many, mostly legends without any basis of truth. At least two spots have been designated as sites of “Fremont’s cabin:” one, a sod potato cellar which was actually built in 1886 when my father established Tate’s Station; the other, a rock cabin that stood for many years at Darrough’s Hot Springs where the Captain was said to have “traded with the Indians.” Since only three overnight stops are indicated in the *Memoirs*, dates coinciding, at Birch Creek, Hot Springs, and somewhere near Peavine, and since the explorer was hurrying toward the Walker Lake rendezvous, it is to be assumed, both from his journal and the old Shoshone woman’s tale, that no long stops or

trading took place. He probably continued south down the valley and westward again without being conscious that his party was closely watched by the Shoshones from their hiding places in the brush and boulders, especially near Hot Springs, ancient gathering place of the tribe.

Another example of a Fremont legend which comes back to me concerns the famous Fremont cannon, said by some to have been abandoned by Fremont in Smoky Valley. However, as is seen in the *Memoirs*, it was left a year earlier on the 1844 expedition in the Bridgeport area in California, and not in Nevada.

In those childhood years we often made excursions above our home along the foothills to an old road we fondly believed to be “Fremont’s trail,” and we were probably right in our location. Here, too, we often came upon the old Indian woman, “Hoobetitché” (Great-Grandmother) plodding through the brush. Sometimes she carried a cone-shaped burden basket on her back, one of her great-grandchildren peeping over its top, and perhaps two others keeping close beside her as she poked about with a sharpened stick for a lizard or horned toad, or dug up some edible root. That she had actually seen our hero, Fremont, was a never-ceasing wonder to us.

Left, this early photo of Hot Springs, now Darrough’s, dates from about 1900. The old stone building still stands although now part of a newer addition. Fremont stopped at the springs in 1845 and mentions in his memoirs the waters that had been in use for many centuries by the Indians.



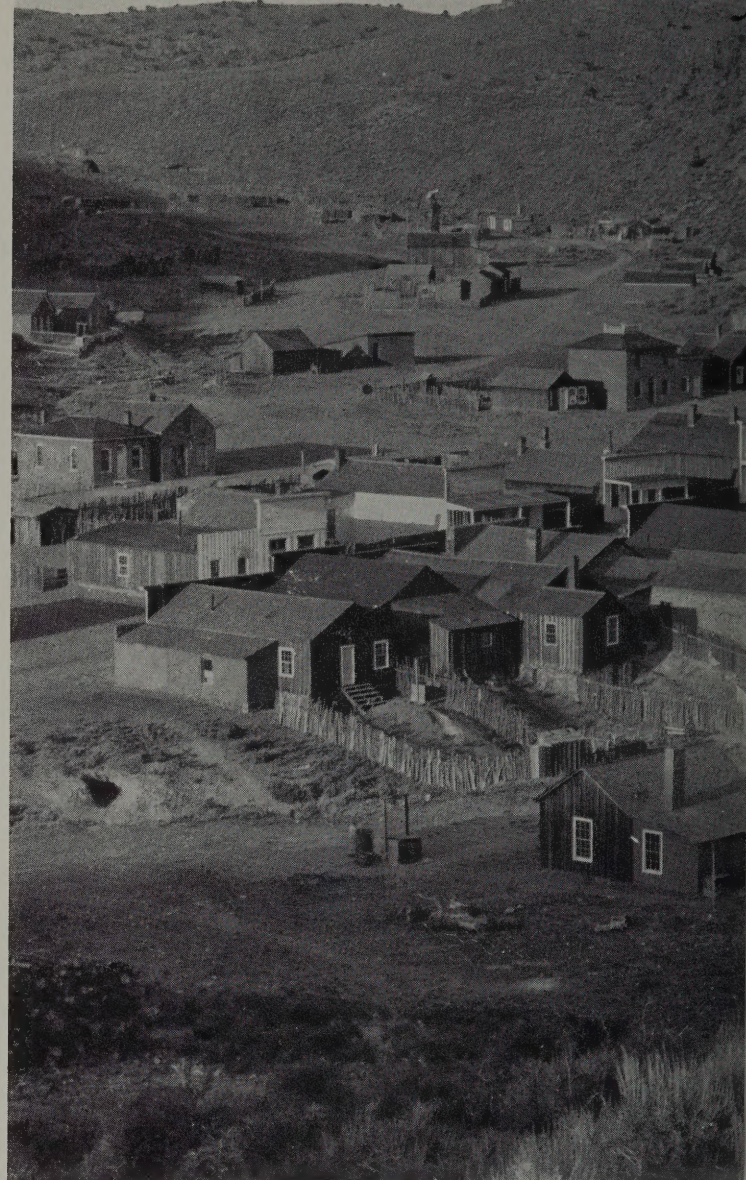
Promise of Silver Attracted Settlers Almost A Century

Almost two decades were to pass before the original inhabitants were again disturbed by the alien whites. Across the extreme northern end of the range between Reese River and Smoky Valley came Captain James Simpson, heading a government exploring party in 1859. The following year Pony Express riders galloped over the same trail, but no one penetrated the valleys flanking the Toiyabes until after the discovery of silver in Pony Canyon and the town of Austin was established in 1862. Prospectors now fanned out north and south into the Toiyabe Range and its vicinity. Westward across Reese River into the Shoshone Mountains came the silver-seekers in 1863, and the camps of Grantsville and Ione sprang up around their finds. The district was called "Union" and in the canyon of the same name between the two towns the once famous Berlin mine is located. By 1864, the miners petitioned for a separation from Lander and Esmeralda Counties and Nye County came into existence with its county seat at Ione—a brief honor, for in 1867 another booming silver camp, Belmont, to the southeast in the Toquimas, claimed the county offices and records.

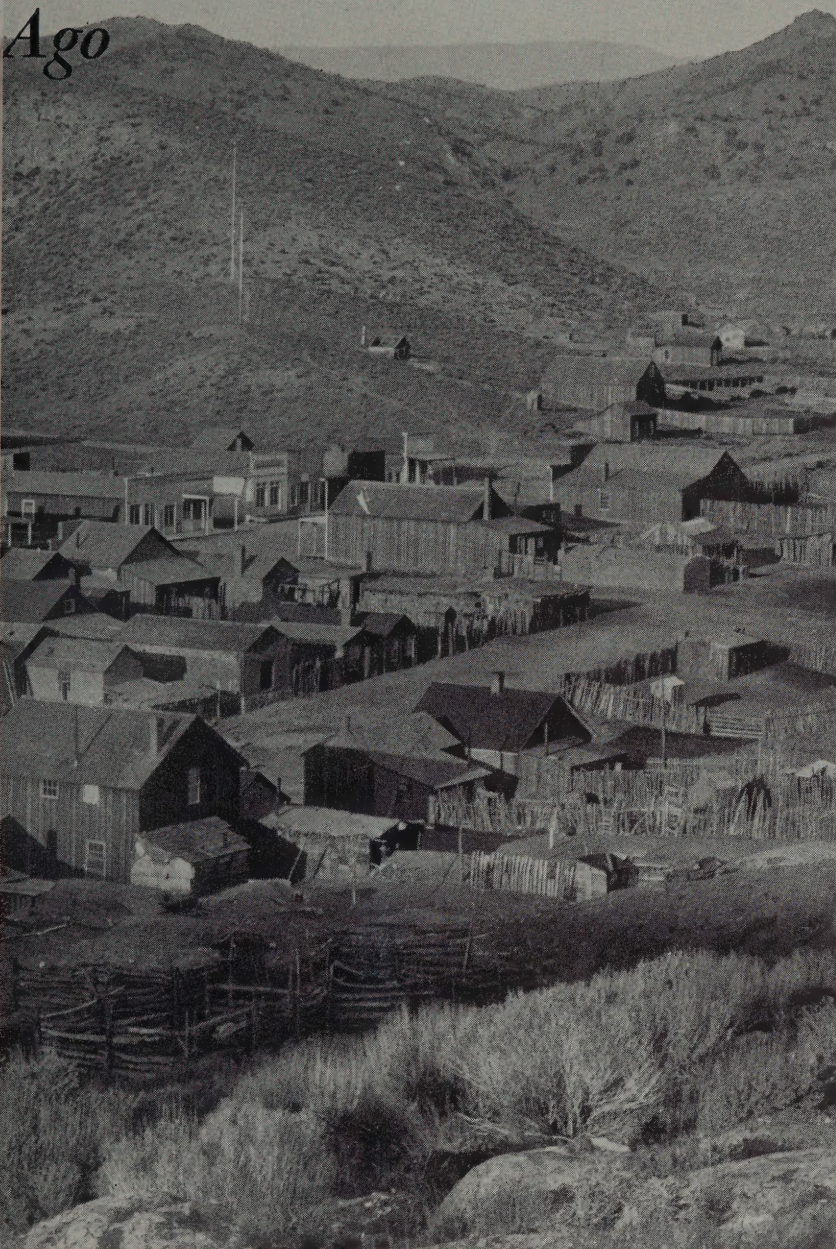
While the discoverers of the area were patriotically naming Union district and Grantsville, a party of Frenchmen headed by Henri Boulerond, whom we knew as "Old Bullro," found a ledge of silver-bearing ore at the mouth of Ophir Canyon about halfway down the east face of the Toiyabes and the Twin River mining district was organized. Following the discovery of the Murphy lode farther up the same canyon a town, first known as Toiyabe City, was quickly settled, and another laid out on the slopes below Twin River a little to the south. An enthusiastic reporter for the *Territorial Enterprise* visiting the district in 1866 reports that "there are seven canyons in the district. . . . At the junction of the Twin Rivers is the infant town of Claghorn, already a thriving business place. Four miles away, in Ophir Canyon, is Toiyabe City, chief business place of the district. Here is the celebrated Murphy ledge with which scarcely a silver mine in the state can compare." He ironically added: "The permanency as well as the richness of the Twin River district is now established beyond a question. Not only the future of this district but of the whole state is full of encouragement to the industrious miner and to all classes of business men."

Following up the east side of the range at this time there were mines or mills operating in Summit and Park Canyons, while prospects appeared

fair in the canyons between. At Kingston, another town of some size, mills also were running. Across the summit from Kingston a town had been established at Big Creek called Canyon City. A large boulder of very rich silver-bearing ore had been found here, which resulted in a good deal of excitement, but little mining was ever done. It was here, in a mud and willow structure housing a saloon, that the famous lecturer, Artemus Ward, delighted a large audience and, on his way back to Austin, became the victim of a fake "capture by the Indians," a hoax perpetrated by some jovial young men of the town who succeeded in frightening the lecturer to a considerable extent before revealing their true character.



Ago



Hardly a trace today remains to mark the site of the once busy mining town of Grantsville, shown left in this rare photo taken in the eighties. Above, one of the few remaining buildings in lone, this one said to be Nye County's first courthouse. Below, the well-preserved old mill which served the rich Berlin mine.

Geneva, Amador, Yankee Blade and other camps near Austin enjoyed a brief and active life, adding for a time to the optimism for the future of the region as prospectors roamed the hills in search of "another Comstock." Mining attracted many who remained as settlers in the valleys, and by the mid-sixties their cabins of rock, mud and willow, or adobe, were located wherever mountain streams made the valleys productive for ranching and stock raising. Jefferson Canyon in the seventies enjoyed a decade of prosperity when two towns, Upper and Lower Jefferson, were thriving in the Toquimas to the east while across the valley sawmills operated in Jett and other canyons of the Toiyabes.



Dusty Trails and Horsedrawn Stages to the Outside World

Because of long distances between mining towns, stations were established as settlers moved in and horse-drawn stages operated over wagon roads that had their beginnings as dusty trails up and down the parallel valleys. Among the earliest stations were San Antone and Hot Springs. The former, a large adobe and brick building of some fifteen to twenty rooms, once known as Bradley's, was a convenient stopping place for travelers to the nearby Liberty mines of the San Antone mining district. Two mills operated nearby, one about a mile from the station, the other at Indian Springs some few miles north. The waters of Peavine Creek made both the mills and a small alfalfa field possible. Here the springs that rose to the surface were a watering place for camels carrying salt from Columbus Marsh to the mills. These camel trains were crossing the desert as late as 1872 when my grandparents, the J. F. Chrysler family, kept the station at San Antone.

Hot Springs, now Darrough's, was a station as early as 1863. The old stone building there, today part of a larger edifice, was put up in that year, as was San Antone. These two, together with Minnium's (Bowman's), became stage stations as mail routes were established.

Smoky Valley stages plied between Austin and Belmont, with Minnium's as a stopover, and from this point crossed over Northumberland Pass in the Toquimas, thence down Monitor Valley to

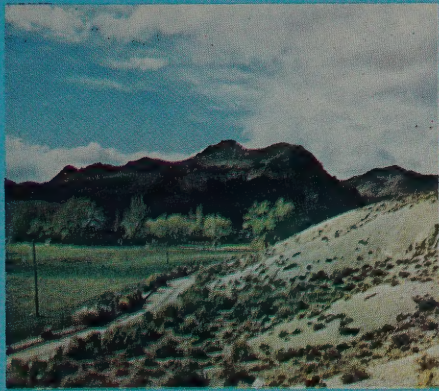
Belmont. At Minnium's a "pony" met the tri-weekly stage and carried mail, first class only, south across San Antone desert to Silver Peak and Lida. Two riders operated this "pony," meeting and passing at Desert Wells not far from the present site of Miller's. Later the wagon stages continued down the valley and near Cold Springs turned east to the new towns of Jefferson Canyon, thence over the summit to Belmont. The old Northumberland route was no longer used after the seventies when the Jefferson mines were booming.

On the Reese River side of the Toiyabes in the sixties, a "pony" route ran from Austin to Ellsworth in Lodi Valley, by way of Ione and Grantsville. Later in the same decade regular stages carried passengers and mail down Reese River to the pass still used across the Shoshone Mountains to the towns of that range, ending the run at Ione, Union Canyon and Grantsville.

Midway down Smoky Valley, dilapidated, but still standing, is another old stage stop, noted on maps of the period as "Tate's." It was built by my father in 1886 at the half-way point on the Austin-Belmont line which he and a partner took over in the mid-seventies. Later, on his own, he managed the Grantsville, Sodaville and Tybo lines. Tate's Station was built not only as a half-way stop but to accommodate a short line to the booming camp of Ophir.



SMOKY VALLEY'S canyons and creeks provide memorable scenes such as this, a little-used dirt road west of the highway (Route 8A) leading toward the massive Toiyabe peaks. Cattle and minerals are chief products today.



PEAVINE CANYON at the south end of the Toiyabes was source of water for early mining mills. Today there are green ranches and a well equipped Forest Service camp near the upper end of the remote canyon



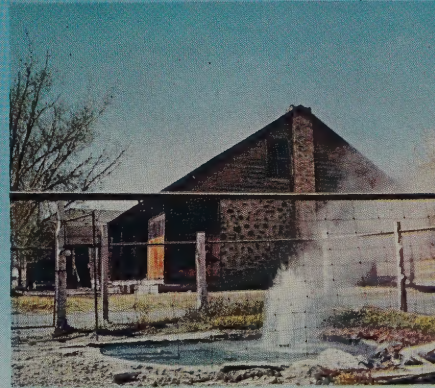
KINGSTON CANYON cuts deep into the northern part of the range, separated by the summit from Big Creek Canyon. Where mining camps thrived in the sixties, campers today enjoy such outstanding scenery as this.



BOWMAN'S, originally called Minnium's when it was a stage station, is located near the Nye-Lander County line. From here stages ran south to the Nye County seat at Belmont, while ponies carried mail to Silver Peak.



SAN ANTONIO, south of Peavine, was built in the early sixties as a stage station. Ruins of the huge 20-room house built of adobe and imported brick still stand a mile or so from the ranch which today bears the same name.



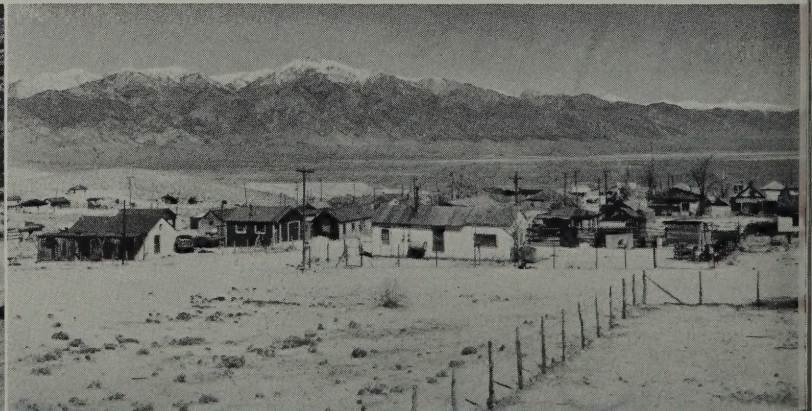
DARROUGH'S is probably the oldest settled station in the valley. Fremont camped here in 1845, and the hot springs have been used in the ensuing decades by settlers. People still come from miles around to bathe or swim.



Hopes Burned



Two old photos taken in the eighties in Ophir Canyon—above, the shaft house of the Murphy mine and, right, the day shift at the mine. Photos were loaned by a daughter of John McLeod, mine foreman, who is at lower right in the group of men. Contemporary photos show an old structure at Jefferson, left, and the towns of Manhattan and Round Mountain, below.



Bright in the Mining Camps of the Sixties

All during the sixties the mines of the Toiyabes and its area gave promise of fulfilling the prediction of the enthusiastic *Enterprise* reporter. Mills hummed in the canyons as eastern capital was invested and development began at Ophir Canyon. Substantial rock buildings replaced tents; freight teams carried supplies; the salt marsh below Minnium's produced that commodity so necessary to the mills for reduction of the ores. Kingston, Geneva, Big Creek, Amador, Yankee Blade, all in the range, had their brief day. In Geneva, on Birch Creek, several substantial stone buildings were put up. Amador, seven miles north of Austin, overlooking Reese River, was in 1863 a contender for the county seat of Lander. It polled 700 votes and had a population of 1,500. Canyon City on Big Creek had a hotel, store, restaurants and saloons, but with the exception of Kingston and Ophir Canyon none of these survived their first few years.



The period of the 1870's were largely years of frustration in the silver mines. Discovery of the Big Bonanza on the Comstock flooded the silver markets of the world and brought the price down to the point where the Panic of '73 occurred and many silver camps closed down. By the early

eighties, however, several revived to enjoy a second boom after new capital materialized. During this period Grantsville began to grow and prosper again. The Alexander Company bought the mines and laid out the town, which earlier had only about 50 inhabitants. The population grew rapidly to 800, with stores, freighting business, a newspaper and other interests moving in.

By the mid-eighties, Ophir Canyon, too, had a revival and businessmen of Belmont flocked in to open stores, hotels, saloons and other enterprises. The stage line from Tate's connected with Austin, source of supply for the camp, and carried passengers and mail. The Murphy mine and mill worked 'round the clock. There are various estimates of the production of the Murphy—all the way from \$750,000 to \$2,000,000—the greatest production being in the eighties. It is ironical that the discoverer of the district realized little profit, for the Murphy mine became the only producer of note. "Old Bullro," however, lived on near his claims at the mouth of the canyon until age and loneliness overtook him in the early nineties, and he was committed to the State Hospital where he passed away.

Another faithful believer in the Ophir mines was Johnny Martin who came there to work during the eighties boom and remained, for the most part, until his death in 1920. Through all the years he searched for the lost "Murphy vein," which he believed had faulted.

Mines at Kingston were worked intermittently, and during the eighties the town in the canyon boasted a school. General Spencer took over the properties about that time and there was a small revival. After his death his widow for a time supervised the workings. Ruins of the mill may be seen today between the two ranches of the upper and lower canyon, clinging tenaciously to the hillside.

After the discovery of Tonopah in 1900, mining took on new life and the old properties and locations became the magnet for a fresh set of prospectors. Some mines were reopened, others were discovered in nearby areas. Two of the latter were Manhattan and Round Mountain in the Toquima Range. Both camps enjoyed a period of boom, and both built up towns that still enjoy some prosperity. Water from the Toiyabe canyons aided in large placer operations for both places, and in each case the work carried on was at a scale that would have astonished the pioneer miners and prospectors who by hard labor developed the mines in the Toiyabe area last century.

Austin - Queen of the Toiyabe Mining Towns



Up and down the range mining camps have come and passed, but Austin, first and last of the Toiyabe towns, and proud queen of them all, still survives. Where once the coaches of the Overland Stage flourished to a stop before the International Hotel, depositing passengers and mail, and freight-laden camels were urged upgrade by turbaned camel-drivers to the stores of Austin merchants, tourists today pause to fill gas tanks and take snapshots of the once impressive brick buildings, sagging a bit, but mostly still in use, along Main Street. The substantial courthouse, old *Reveille* office, Gridley's store where the famous sack of flour originated and three lovely old brick churches are set here in the beautiful canyon. These are worth more than a casual survey to the traveler along U.S. 50, for this is the site of what was once Nevada's second largest city, and the "rush to the Reese" in the early sixties which was as colorful as the "rush to Washoe" only a few years earlier.

Jacobsville, six miles west of Austin, first county seat of Lander County, and Clifton at the foot of the grade, acquired several hundred residents each as news of the rich Reese River district spread, but both moved up-canyon and Austin became the center of activity. Jacobsville

staged a big July 4 celebration as a last gesture in 1863, and September saw the county seat removed to the newer and bigger town. Clifton, in later years, became the terminus of the Nevada Central Railroad, completed in 1880.

The first house in Austin, a log cabin, was built in March, 1863 by John Frost and his partners whose claims formed the nucleus of what became the Manhattan Company, so-named when sold to New York capitalists. By midsummer of that year the rush was on and adobe and brick buildings were going up at a rapid rate. In August the first school was opened in a "brush tent," according to an early news item. Samuel Bowles, noted newspaper publisher and author of *Across the Continent*, visited Austin in 1865 in company with Schuyler Colfax. He wrote: "Five hundred miles from San Francisco, in middle Nevada, huddled and incoherent along the steep hillsides of a close canyon, running sharply up from the Reese River Valley, lies the easternmost and freshest mining camp of the state and section. . . . Houses are built anywhere and everywhere and streets are then made to reach them; one side of a house will be four stories high, and the other but two, such is the lay of the land. Not a tree nor a flower does the whole town boast,



but it has the best French restaurant I have met since New York, a daily newspaper, and the boot-blacks and barbers and baths are luxurious to the continental degree."

Although the early boom soon subsided there was a stability about Austin that other lessor towns lacked. Homes of substantial brick were soon shaded by trees, and small flower gardens bloomed. Society was "elegant," and dressmakers and milliners arrayed Austin ladies in the latest creations copied from San Francisco and the East. High-stepping buggy teams, and in winter, fancy sleighs with many jingling bells passed up and down the streets. On moonlight winter nights, from the old warehouse above Main down to the foot of the grade, bobsleds carried gay "coasters" at a rate comparable to speeding cars of today. Austin's street railway, the only one in the state, puffed proudly uphill to the Man-

hattan Mill. Literary societies flourished. The red brick schoolhouse on the hill had a full quota of teachers, many of them graduates of eastern colleges. In the nineties the Ellman Library was the gathering place for the local branch of the Chautauqua Circle, where the serious and the intellectual followed carefully laid out courses of study to "improve their minds." The *Reese River Reveille* boasted two of the West's leading humorists as editors in its early days: Fred Hart and Major John Dennis. It was Hart who preserved for us many of the tall tales indulged in by patrons of the old Sazarac Saloon.

Stokes Castle, built in 1897 by the Stokes family who had acquired the Austin mines, added the last touch of elegance, for by 1900 the properties had closed down and a rough and raw young silver camp to the south was to almost depopulate staid and proper Austin.

Although life is considerably quieter in Austin now than during the boom years, the famous old mining town still retains much of the atmosphere as well as the architecture of the seventies and eighties. Top opposite, St. Augustine's Catholic Church; bottom opposite, general view of the town; right, the sturdy old courthouse; and below, several of the ornate business houses on Main Street, many of which are still in use.



Valleys, Canyons and Memories



An old house near the entrance to beautiful Peavine Canyon.

Down Smoky Valley from Austin during the summer of 1901, came 16 to 20-mule teams, hauling everything from flour to beer for the new camp of Tonopah. Although much of this freight was soon routed from the Carson and Colorado at Sodaville, the Nevada Central received a share, and Austin prospered to an extent even as the "exodus" was taking place. An extension was added to the Austin-Belmont stage line, and south through old San Antone ran this route to Tonopah. Life quickened in the canyons. Old Charley Harrison, pioneer of Jefferson, sold his property, depositing the money in three banks for safety, but, alas, three that were branches of but one which failed in the 1907 Panic. A small town was laid out at Millet's, midway down Smokey, supply center for the old and new mines now working in the Toiyabe canyons. Johnny Martin, in Ophir, worked feverishly to find the lost Murphy ledge—a vain hope, for he was to die there by his own hand a few years later, in the cabin he had occupied for over forty years.

Many oldtimers had left the valleys. August Lognoz, watchman for the Ophir property after its shutdown, had been postmaster at Junction, a mile north of Blue Springs, where he had a sort

of "country estate," that seemed quite grand to the young people. The French dinners he had taught his Chinese cook to prepare were famous in the nineties. I recall all-night dances here and at other valley points: when the Daniels family moved from Kingston to the Hay Ranch; when the Rogers and McLeod families built new homes and, on Reese River, the Dieringers and Walshes put up fine new brick houses; Fourth of July dances at Al and Henry Millett's old "stone house," the Twin River ranch; picnics at Pablo Canyon, far south in the Toiyabes, home of the Ott family; and the lesser occasions of "harmonica dances" when the young men of the valley played the "mouth organ" for the revelers. Rodeos, which we called "ro-deers," were mostly business, but provided opportunity for visiting and social gatherings among valley families. Cowboys on the ranches often "showed off" for company, and were sometimes embarrassed if they picked a "mean one" and were "thrown."

All these and many other scenes were vividly recalled when, twice during the past 12 months, I returned to the Toiyabes. In October, 1959, we left U. S. 395 at Bishop and crossed over Montgomery Pass on U. S. 6 to Tonopah. East of there

we turned onto Route 8A, the paved road that runs through Smoky and joins U. S. 50 at the north. Parking our house trailer at Carver's (near Round Mountain), where gas and supplies are available, we made day-long excursions to Kingston, Peavine, San Antone, Jefferson and Belmont. We hiked up Ophir Canyon to the old town (large boulders in the road make it impassable for cars) where a tall brick smokestack, ruins of the foundation upon which the large mill once stood, walls of the "company house" and "company store," all of rock beautifully put together, and miners' cabins of colored shale, bear mute witness to the glories of once lively Toiyabe City.

In June of this year, with a different party, the trip was made over U. S. 50 to Austin where we picked up Bert Acree, lifelong resident and historian of the area, and drove down Reese River and across the Shoshones to Ione, Berlin Canyon, the Ichthyosaur Park, and Grantsville. From here we continued on the good dirt road down Ione Valley and rounded the southern tip of the Toiyabe Range where, at Cloverdale, we spread our lunch beside a lovely meadow. Then on we went to San Antone, Darrough's Hot Springs where we visited with Lawrence Darrough, and up Smoky Valley as shadows lengthened. To our right was South Twin—over its southern ridge we used to drive cattle to Belcher Basin. Memories crowded as we passed each well-known place.

Our plan was to cross Kingston summit and come down Big Creek, but we found the road too steep for anything but a jeep. Returning down canyon to the highway, we startled two fawns beside the road—this is deer country, a hunter's paradise in autumn. At Austin we reluctantly said goodbye to our historian and took U. S. 50 back to Reno where we arrived before midnight, our minds filled with fresh impressions and oldtime lore garnered in one of Nevada's most beautiful and historic sections, the Toiyabes.

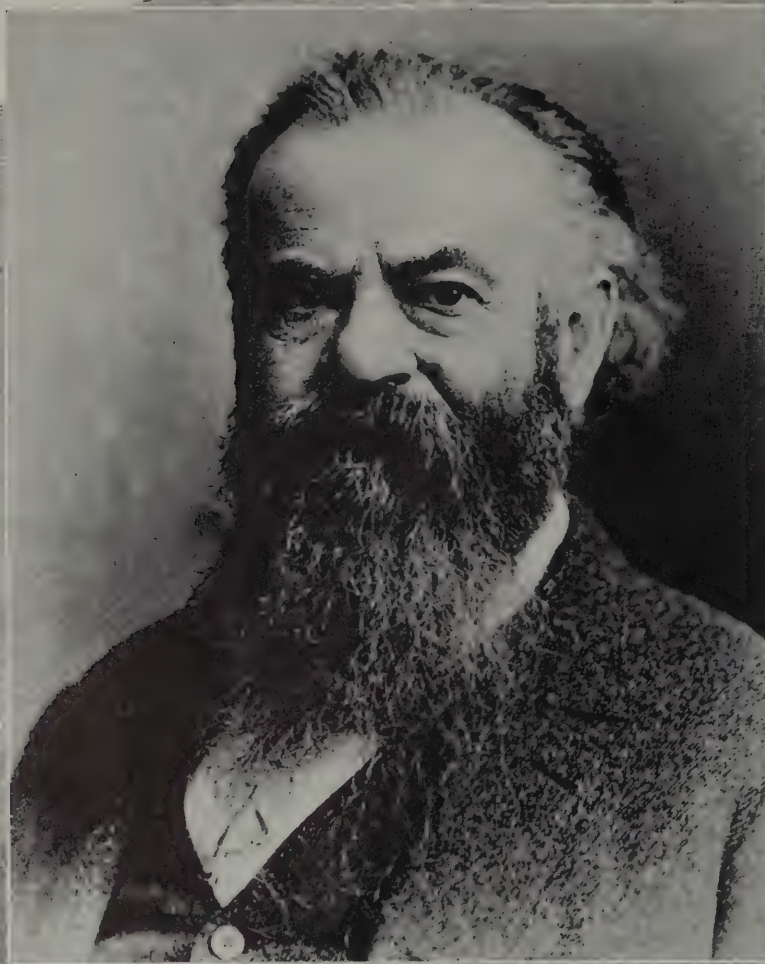


Of many varieties and vintages, the buildings which are seen from Smoky Valley's roads reflect a lively history. Top, these houses are still in use at the San Antone ranch, not far from the ruins of San Antone Station. Above, remnants of an Indian village built in Peavine Canyon early this century. Left, part of Tate's Station, constructed by Thomas Tate in 1886.

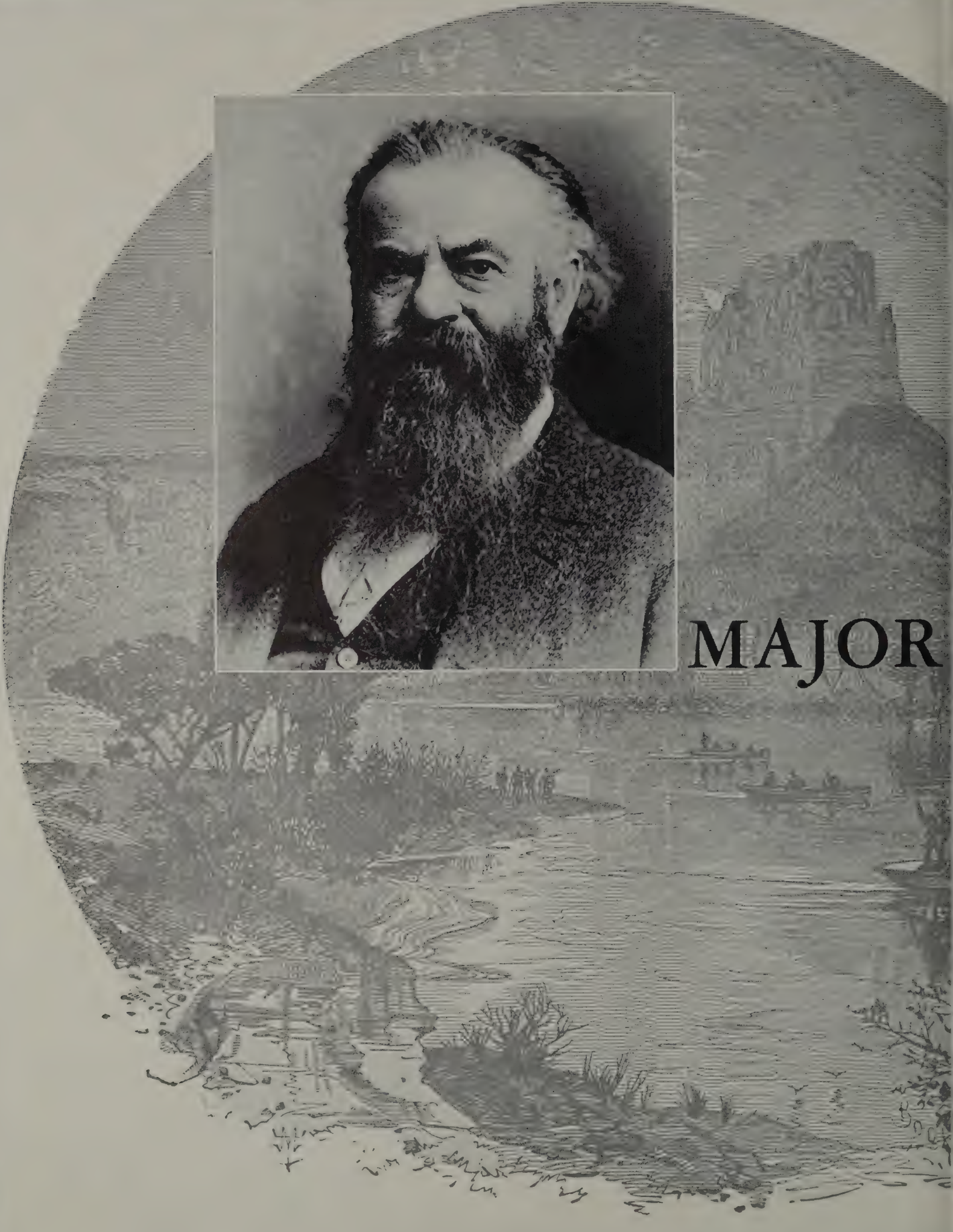
Center pages, over—Kingston Canyon, most beautiful of Toiyabe's canyons, is pictured here in early fall color.

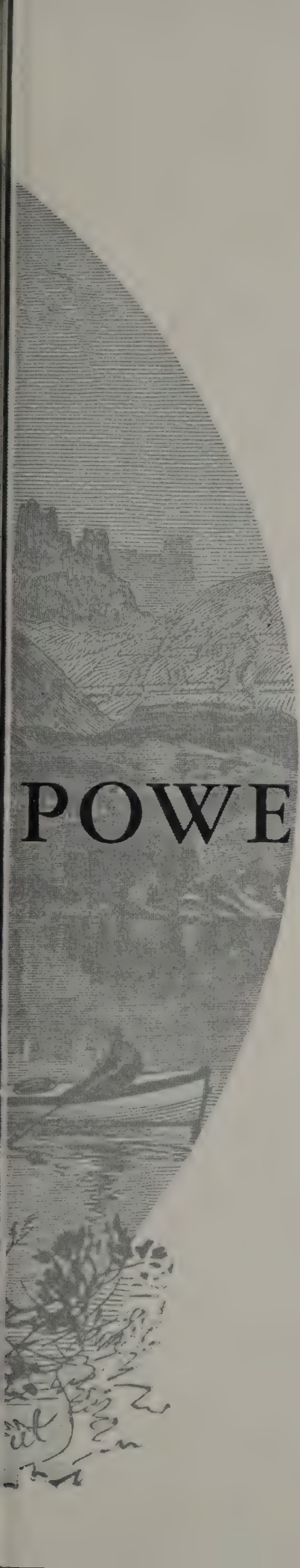






MAJOR





Considering that it took place less than a hundred years ago, it is indeed odd that one of the most daring, most adventurous explorations ever accomplished in America has largely been forgotten by our own generation.

Previous to 1869, the year that Major John Wesley Powell undertook an expedition on the Colorado River and several of its tributaries—from Green River, Wyoming to the Virgin River in Nevada—the vast, uninhabited regions surrounding the river appeared as a blank space on government maps. Following the completion of Powell's voyage through hundreds of miles of deep canyons, this last frontier of the West was mapped and gradually opened up.

Powell later led or directed deeper penetrations into the area, went on to become director of the U. S. Geological Survey and the Bureau of American Ethnology, and contributed so importantly to concepts of conservation and water usage in the West that his ideas remain very much alive today.

But of all his achievements, Powell's 1869 river trip does most to excite our imaginations. Several had tried to run the dangerous waters before, but had failed, and by our modern river-running standards it is a miracle that any of Powell's ponderous boats could survive. But survive they did, as is told in Powell's own account of the expedition. Following are excerpts from the Powell report printed in 1875, with illustrations from the original volume by the American artist, Thomas Moran.

POWELL *and the Colorado*

May 24, 1869 (Green River, Wyoming)—The good people of Green River City turn out to see us start. We raise our little flag, push the boats from shore, and the swift current carries us down.

Our boats are four in number. Three are built of oak . . . the fourth of pine, very light, but sixteen feet in length.

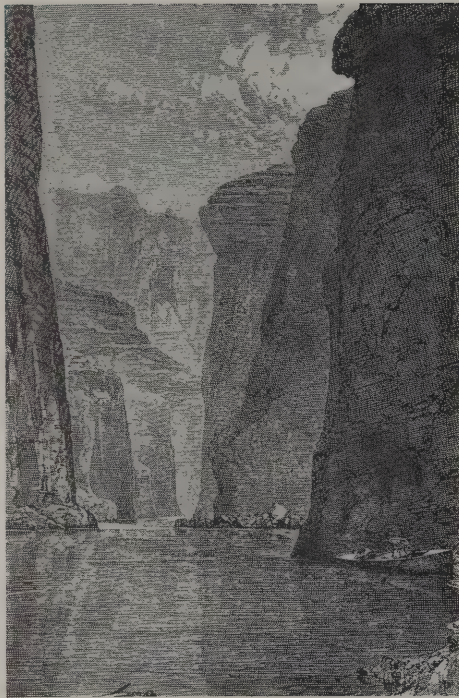
We take with us rations deemed sufficient to last ten months . . . abundant supplies of clothing . . . ammunition . . . tools . . . compasses and other instruments.

The flour is divided into three equal parts; the meat and all other articles of our rations in the same way. Each of the larger boats has an ax, hammer, saw, auger, and other tools, so that all are loaded alike. We distribute the cargoes in this way, that we may not be entirely destitute of some important article should any one of the boats be lost.

June 1 (Green River, near the Utah-Colorado border)—Today we have an exciting ride. The river rolls down the canyon at a wonderful rate, and, with no rocks in the way, we make almost railroad speed.

June 8 (Lodore Canyon on the Green River, Colorado)—We enter the canyon, and, until noon find a succession of rapids, over which our boats have to be taken.

Here I must explain our method of proceeding at such places. The "Emma Dean" goes in advance; the other boats follow, in obedience to signals. When we approach a rapid, or what, on other rivers, would often be called a fall, I stand on deck to examine it, while the oarsmen



back water, and we drift on as slowly as possible. If I can see a clear chute between the rocks, away we go; but if the channel is beset entirely across, we signal the other boats, pull to land, and I walk along the shore for closer examination. If this reveals no clear channel, hard work begins. We drop the boats to the very head of the dangerous place, and let them over by lines, or make a portage, frequently carrying both boats and cargoes over the rocks, or, perhaps, only the cargoes, if it is safe to let the boats down. . . .

If the boat, in going over [a] falls, chances to get caught in some side current, and is turned from its course, so as to strike the wave "broadside on," and the wave breaks at the same instant, the boat is capsized. Still, we must cling to her, for the watertight compartment acting as buoys, she cannot sink; and so we go, dragged through the waves, until still waters are reached. We then right the boat and climb aboard. We have several such experiences today.

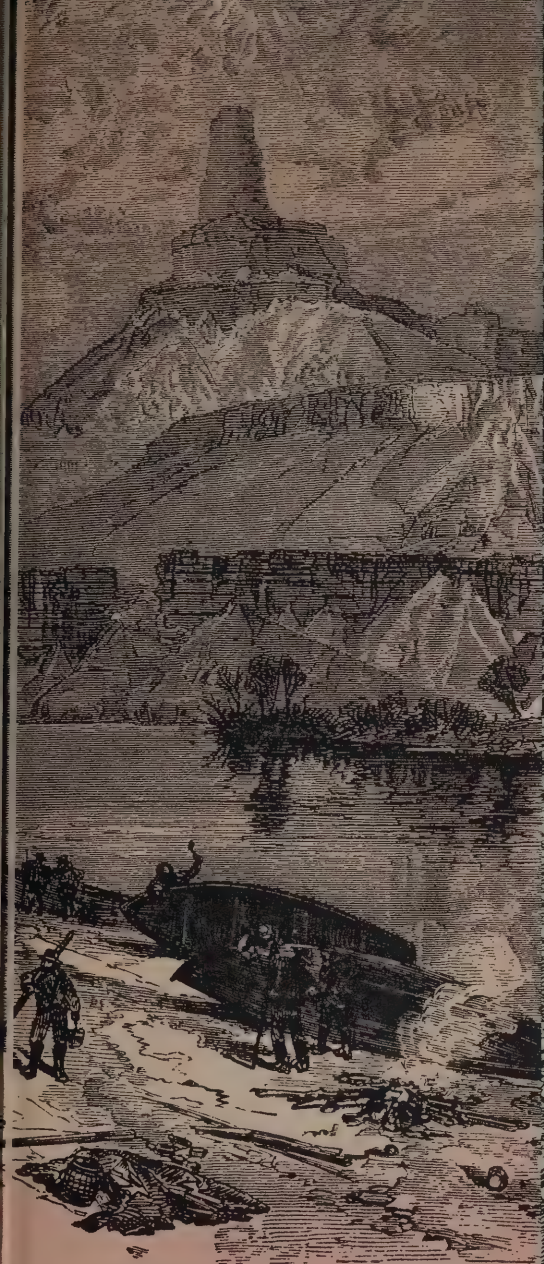
June 16 (Lodore Canyon)—Late in the afternoon we make a short run . . . coming down into an alcove filled with luxuriant vegetation. Here camp is made with a group of cedars on one side and a dense mass of box elders and dead willows on the other.

I go up and explore the alcove. While away a whirlwind comes, scattering the fire among the dead willows . . . and there is a conflagration. The men rush for the boats, leaving all they cannot readily seize, and even then they have their clothing burned and hair singed. The cook fills his arms with the mess kit, and, jumping into a boat, stumbles and falls, and away go our cooking utensils into the river.

July 15 (Labyrinth Canyon, Green River in Utah)—There is an exquisite charm in our ride today down this beautiful canyon. It gradually grows deeper with every mile of travel; the walls are symmetrically curved, and grandly arched; of a beautiful color, and reflected in the quiet waters in many places, so as to . . . suggest to the beholder, that he is looking into profound depths. We are all in fine spirits, feel very gay.

July 21—We start this morning on the Colorado. The river is rough and bad rapids, in close succession, are found . . . After dinner, in running a rapid, the "Emma Dean" is swamped and we are thrown into the river . . . she is righted . . . but three oars are lost. We camp at night, on the rocks on the left bank, and can scarcely find room to lie down.





July 28 (Cataract Canyon, Colorado River, Utah)—We discover the mouth of a stream, which enters from the right. Into this our little boat is turned. One of the men in the boat following, seeing what we have done, shouts to Dunn, asking if it is a trout stream. Dunn replies, much disgusted, that it is “a dirty devil,” and by this name the river is to be known hereafter.

August 3 (Glen Canyon, Colorado River, Utah)—Start early this morning. The features of this canyon are greatly diversified . . . carved walls, royal arches, glens, alcove gulches, mounds and monuments. From which of these features shall we select a name? We decide to call it Glen Canyon.

August 13 (Entering the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Arizona)—We are now ready to start on our way down the Great Unknown . . . We have but a month’s ration remaining. The flour has been resifted through the mosquito net sieve; the spoiled bacon has been

dried, and the worst of it boiled, the few pounds of dried apples have been spread in the sun, and reshrunken; the sugar has all melted; but we have a large sack of coffee.

We have an unknown distance yet to run; an unknown river yet to explore. What falls there are, we know not; what rocks beset the channel, we know not . . . Ah, well! we may conjecture many things. The men talk cheerfully as ever; jests are bandied about freely this morning; but to me the cheer is somber and the jests are ghastly.

August 21—A quarter of a mile below camp the river turns abruptly to the left, and between camp and that point is very swift, running down in a long, broken chute, and piling up against the foot of the cliff, where it turns to the left. We try to pull across, but the waters are swift, and it seems impossible for us to escape the rock below. . . . But we are swept broadside down, and are prevented by the rebounding waters, from striking against the wall. We are carried past the danger. Below, the river turns again to the right, the canyon is very narrow, and we see in advance but a short distance. From around this curve comes a mad roar, and down we are carried, with a dizzying velocity, to the head of another rapid. . . . I stand on deck, supporting myself with a strap, and the boat glides rapidly . . . and we have a wild, exhilarating ride for ten miles, which we make in less than an hour. The excitement is so great that we forget the danger, until we hear the roar of a great fall below.

August 24—It is curious how anxious we are to make up our reckoning every time we stop, now that our diet is confined to plenty of coffee, very little spoiled flour, and very few dried apples. It has come to be a race for a dinner.

August 25—Thirty-five miles today. Hurrah!

August 27—After supper Captain Howland asks to have a talk with me. We walk up the little creek a short distance, and I soon find that his object is to remonstrate against my determination to proceed. He thinks that we had better abandon the river here. . . . I learn that his brother, William Dunn, and himself have determined to go no farther in the boats.

August 28—We have breakfast . . . the meal is as solemn as a funeral. . . . [The three men] entreat us not to go on, and tell us that it is madness to set out in this place; that we can never get safely through it; and, further, that the river turns again to the south into the granite, and a few miles of such rapids and falls will exhaust our entire stock of rations, and then it will be too late to climb out. Some tears are shed: It is rather a solemn parting; each party thinks the other is taking the dangerous course.

August 29—The river still continues swift, but we have no serious difficulty, and at twelve o'clock emerge from the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. We recognize this as the Grand Wash. . . . Now the danger is over; now the toil has ceased; now the gloom has disappeared . . . our joy is almost ecstasy. We sit until long after midnight talking of the Grand Canyon, talking of home, but chiefly talking of the three men who left us.

August 30—We run through two or three short, low canyons today. . . . We are in great expectancy, for we hope every minute to discover the mouth of the Rio Virgen.

Soon one of the men exclaims: "Yonder's an Indian in the river." The men bend to the oars, and pull toward them. Approaching, we see that there are . . . white man and an Indian hauling a seine, and then we discover that it is just at the mouth of the long sought river.

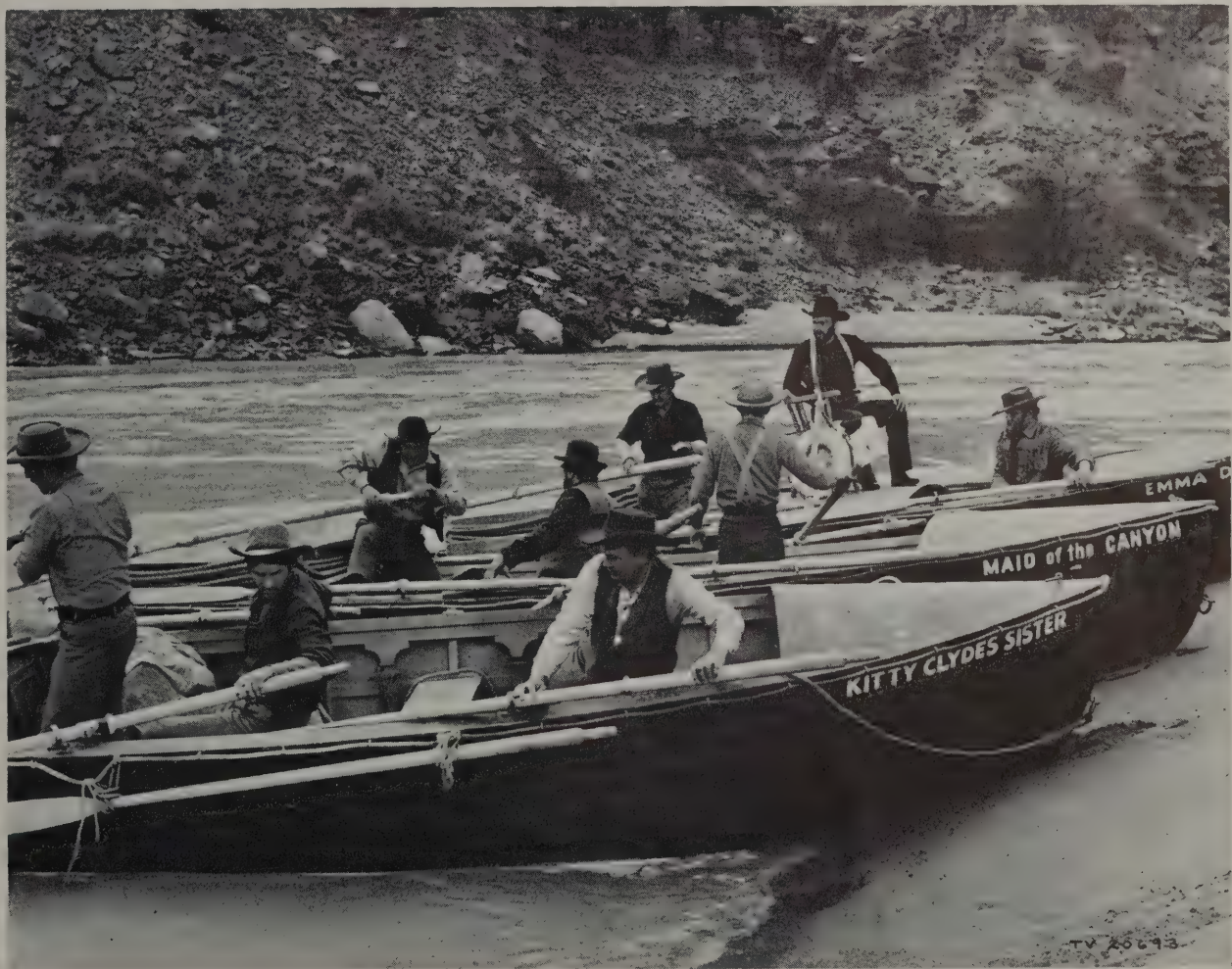


Major Powell Rides the Colorado Again

Disney Movie
TEN WHO DARED
Reenacts the Highlights
of Powell's Epic
Journey

If it can be said that Americans in recent decades have forgotten Powell and his role in the opening of the West, then it is just as true that this situation is happily about to be corrected. For, with the release this fall of a new Walt Disney movie, *Ten Who Dared*, a whole new generation will learn the story of Powell and his journey down the Colorado.

The reenactment of the trip is as authentic as careful research could make it. Powell is depicted, true to life, as a tough, one-armed Civil War major turned university professor in charge of the nine recruits who signed up for the adventure. Four boats similar to those used by Powell were constructed and the Disney cast trained to take them over the same white waters first traversed in 1869. In the 90 years elapsing between the Powell and Disney expeditions, those waters had lost none of their force, so that almost daily dunkings became routine during the filming. There were no serious accidents, however, and the story was completed as planned—a portrait in color of the magnificent Colorado canyons, placid backwaters and roaring rapids explored by the *Ten Who Dared*.



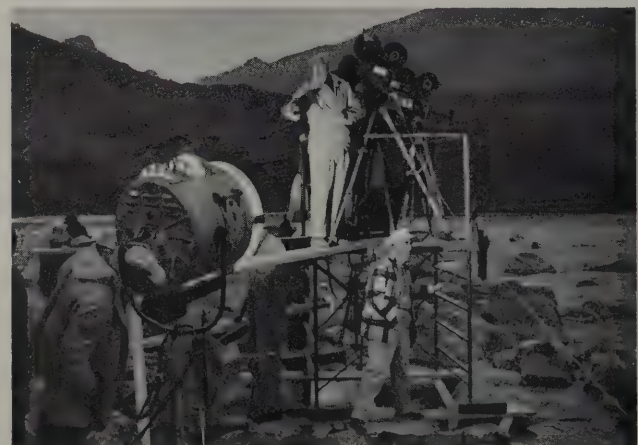
Scene from "Ten Who Dared." Major Powell is seated on rear boat.



Directed by William Beaudine, the Disney story about the 1869 Powell expedition taught actors and crew to respect the river.



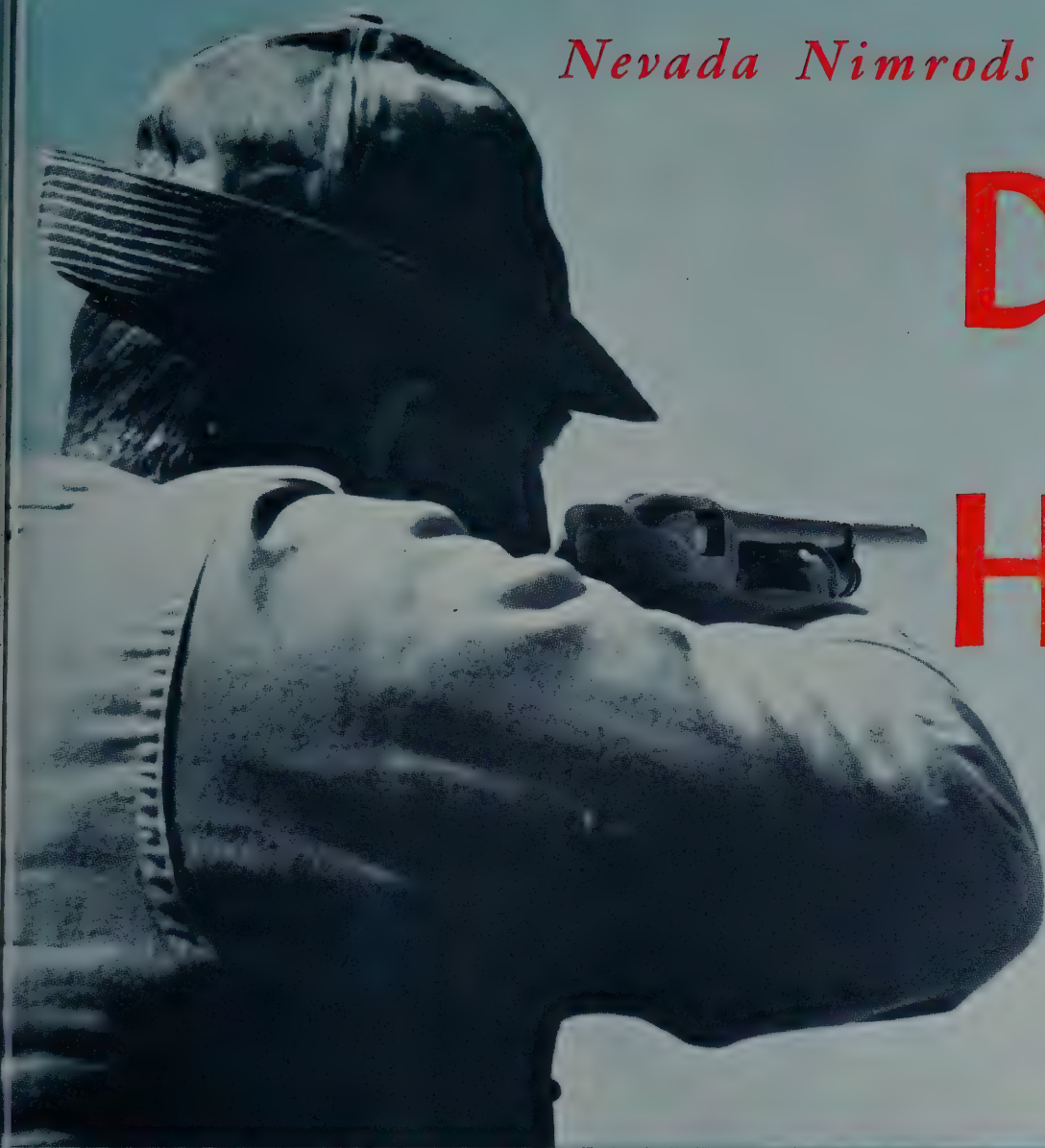
"Ten Who Dared" was filmed in color in remote Colorado country, cameramen working from boats, and along shorelines.



Left, Major Powell, played by John Beal, sits astride his boat, "Emma Dean," in this scene from the film. "Ten Who Dared" is a new Buena Vista release featuring a tough all-male cast.

Nevada Nimrods Bag the Limit

DUCK HUNT



*a conventional outboard
motor won't do in these
shallow waters*



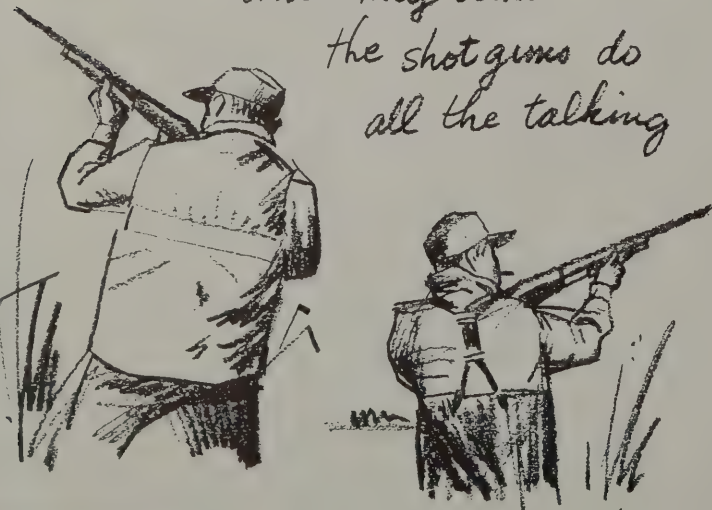
*a "call" to bring the
birds in - decoys to
bring them close*



Daybreak finds gear aboard and
airboat ready for the hunting ahead.
Near freezing temperature doesn't
dampen the enthusiasm of men
or dogs as the hunt begins.



*when they come
the shotguns do
all the talking*



THREE IN THE MORNING and where, for most of the year, the town is darkened and silent, dozens of homes are now ablaze with lights. No, it's not a fire or defense alert, but there's just as much excitement as if it were. For, in this western Nevada community of Fallon, it is mid-October and duck hunting season has just officially opened.

After downing a man-sized breakfast and struggling into warm clothing to ward off the early morning chill, the typical hunting party loads boat and pickup with the myriad items needed to make the hunt a success. While all this activity is taking place in town, the same thing is happening all over the area. And an hour or two before daybreak, cars and truckloads of eager hunters are heading for some of the finest duck hunting in the nation.

If you hurry, you can catch one of the groups leaving now. Climb in and join the Spencer party—Bernie, his sons Dwight and Larry, and their friend, John McDonald—who are on their way to the Greenhead, a well-known hunting club southeast of Fallon.



The truck bumps off the highway onto a gravel road, then down a rutty dirt road to the marsh and boat landing where you unload the boat from its trailer, gather your gear aboard, and take off for the tall cattails and nut grass for an early morning shot at a long-awaited target. Even the two labradors that have been patient so long break loose with a few excited barks and enthusiastically prance along the shoreline.

You're in luck this trip because your party is going in style, on an airboat. Backed up by an 80-horsepower airplane engine, the small wooden boat skims over the shallow water and wet grass at over 20 miles per hour. This is a real advantage in the thick reed-choked marsh where the heavy growth and low water make it hard going for outboard, oars or foot traffic.

By now the sun has broken the horizon and you can see high tules or reeds spread around you for miles, broken only occasionally by open water. The temperature is still near freezing, and as the boat speeds along the wind bites sharply through

layers of clothing. Here and there in the high grass, ice and frost gleam in the early light.

"This looks like a good spot," Bernie comments as he shuts off the engine and glides up to a clump of cattails. "Unload and we'll set up our blind here."

As the equipment is unloaded, rubber decoys are inflated, assembled and set out in the nearby open water. The grass is beaten down in the middle of the small island of dry ground and the hunters settle back to wait for the birds to come in.

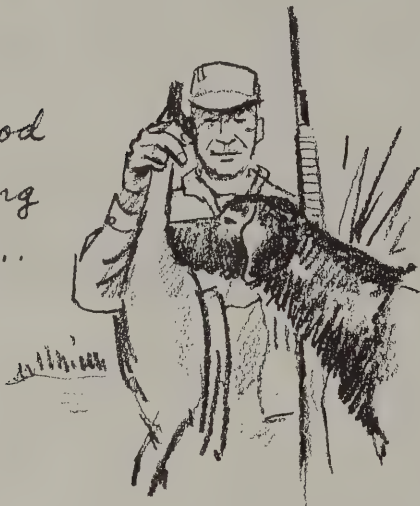
To encourage the birds closer as they fly over the marsh, duck calls are used and from various spots around the area, sharp, realistic quacking sounds rise from the blinds as the first flight appears.

Invited by the calling and decoys, the ducks swoop in for a better look—and then the fun begins! Everybody's up and shooting and ducks fall on every side, landing in grass and water. The dogs are already swimming toward them and, with skilled retrievers like these, the chance of lost

*Sure to warm
a sportsman's
heart —*



*a good
working
dog...*



*... a cheerful
coffee break!*



A sight like this brings a spark to any hunter's eye. The ducks above, photographed on Virginia Lake in Reno, are mainly mallards and are found in equal profusion in the excellent hunting area near Fallon.

birds is slight. This is their show now, and to watch the dogs go after a bird, bring it in, and then tirelessly swim out to retrieve another, is an unforgettable sight.

Less than thirty minutes later, another flight overhead and more ducks to bring home. Your shoulder aches from the unaccustomed kick of the shotgun and some of your shots have gone wild. But you've bagged your share of birds and you're happy.

From the sounds around, you know a lot of other hunters are meeting with similar success, the kind of success that makes the marshes around Fallon top duck hunting territory.

The sequence above is typical of what occurs daily during the three-month waterfowl season in Nevada, particularly in the Carson Sink and Carson Lake areas near Fallon. Over 10,000 hunters per season make use of the public and private duck facilities in the 230,000 acres of marsh and



pasture included in these hunting spots. Attracting the crowds of hunters each year are nearly 300,000 game birds that either nest here or fly over in their migration south. What brings such huge numbers of birds across this portion of the state is the fact that it lies directly in line with the famed Pacific Flyway, a route taken by waterfowl in their annual flight south into Mexico for winter feeding.

To keep this area a waterfowl center, local hunters, the State Fish and Game Commission, and the Federal Fish and Wildlife Service have joined in the last ten years to rehabilitate the older feeding grounds and maintain a suitable environment for migratory birds. The Stillwater Wildlife Management Area was established on the southern edge of Carson Sink, near Stillwater, 20 miles east of Fallon. Included within its jurisdiction are some 200,000 acres of refuge and public hunting ground. Most of this region, once fed entirely by flood waters of the Carson River, is now supplied

with waste water from the immense irrigation system that makes possible the thousands of cultivated acres around Fallon.

The system is thus the source of water which fills the marshes at two hunting clubs, the Greenhead, south of town, with some 20,000 acres, and the Canvasback, with 13,000 private acres near Stillwater. The former, open to the public on a limited permit basis, provides some of the best hunting in the area. The latter is open to members only. A unique aspect of the Greenhead acreage is that it is primarily part of an area established for cattle grazing with the limited and controlled water used principally for raising natural grass feed. Duck hunting is strictly a secondary—almost accidental — sideline, since the club leases its ground from the organized irrigation district and depends entirely upon waste irrigation water for its duck habitat.

What makes this region so desirable for ducks



is the abundance of natural cover in the thick cattails and the rich food supply found in the normally heavy growth of nut grass and sago pondweed. The nearby pasture areas with clover and tender grasses provide an equal attraction for migrating geese.

Varieties of waterfowl found in the region include mallards, pintails, redheads, teal, Canada geese, snow geese, canvasbacks, scaups, shovelors and mergansers. Although most of the birds are migratory, the redheaded duck nests in that area.

Another unusual feature of the Carson Sink,

principally in the Stillwater marsh, is the wide variety of other game animals. The region abounds in large-mouth black bass, bullheads and catfish; the thousands of frogs make frog hunting a genuine sport; muskrats, used as a natural means of managing the marshes, provide a valuable fur source; upland game birds such as pheasant, quail and chukar are a major hunting attraction; and even deer come into the outskirts of the marsh.

A further advantage provided the sportsman is the region's excellent location. Fallon, the county seat of Churchill County and a community of

The hunting's over, the boat reloaded, and there's a fine bag of birds to remind you of a successful day in the marshes.

*Birds in the freezer
look good - but*



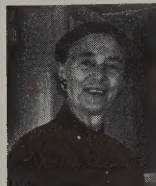
*a snapshot in the
photo album lasts a
lot longer*

nearly 4,000, sits astride two major highways, U. S. 50 and U. S. 95, the latter route bringing hunters across the entire western edge of the Stillwater area. Dirt and gravel roads atop the many dikes in the region permit unusually easy access to various hunting sites throughout the marshes.

To the Spencers of Fallon and the many other sportsmen like them who may travel three miles or three thousand, the first signs of fall are most welcome. For the first sight of ducks flying south on a crisp October morning is a yearly reminder that another exciting hunting season is at hand.

Thanks to:

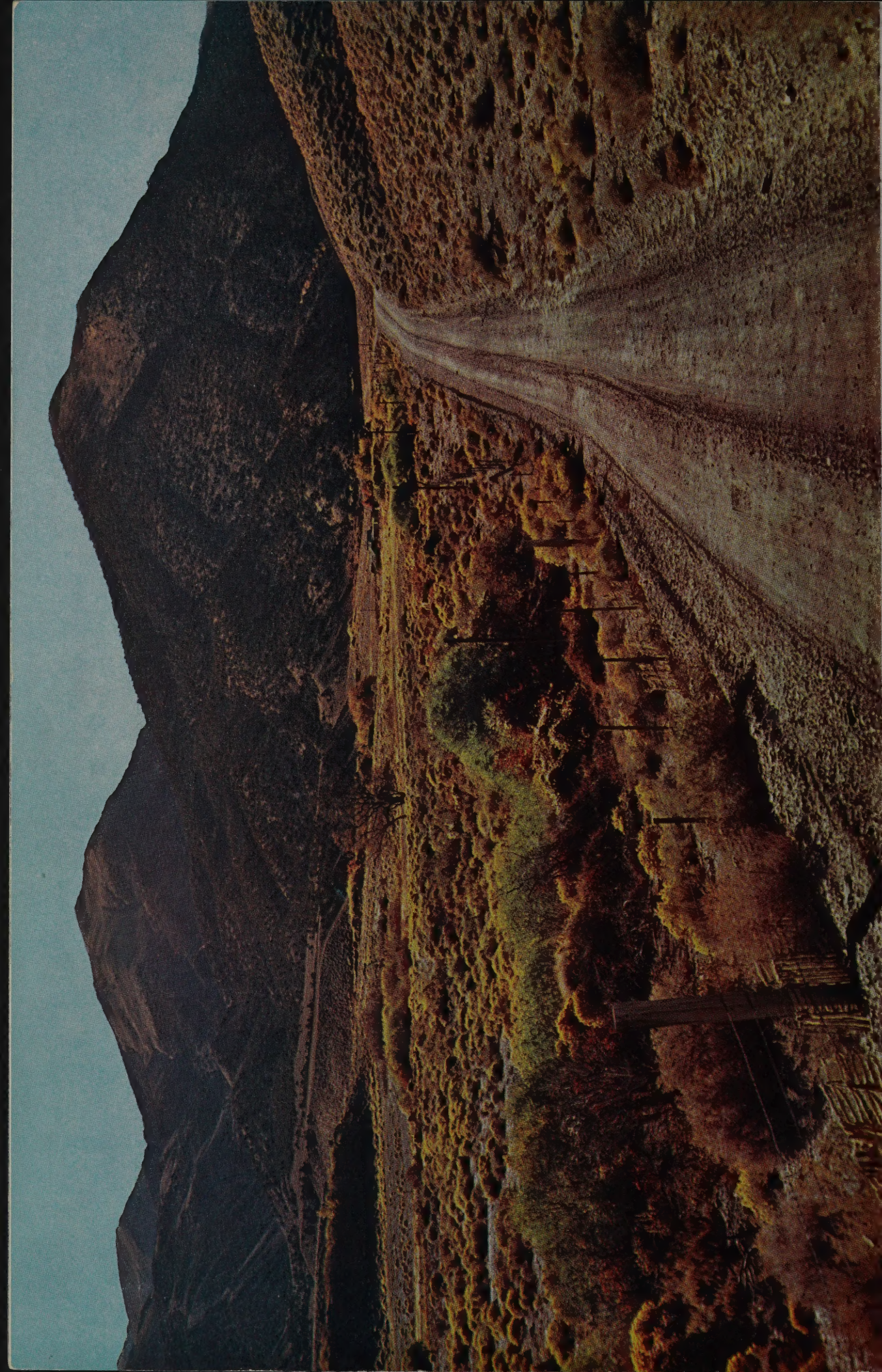
MRS. MYRTLE T. MYLES, long regarded as one of Nevada's foremost historians, has double reason to be known as an expert on central Nevada, for it was here, in Grantsville, that she was born in 1886. Mrs. Myles is a member of two of the oldest families in the state, her maternal grandfather having come here to seek his fortune in 1863, and her father, Thomas Tate, in 1867. During a long and distinguished career, Mrs. Myles has devoted her considerable energies to writing—both poetry and prose—and research for projects such as the authoritative series of historical sketches in the book *Pioneer Nevada*. Now living in Reno, Mrs. Myles is research librarian for the Nevada State Historical Society. We regard it a privilege to introduce Mrs. Myles to our readers through her article, *The Toiyabes*, parts of which will appear later in a book she is writing about the area.



WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS were helpful in providing pictures and information about their new movie described in *Major Powell and the Colorado* on page 18. The Nevada State Library generously loaned the valuable volume, Powell's Colorado River report printed in 1875, from which illustrations and excerpts were taken. Thanks, too, to contemporary Colorado River experts Otis Marson and William Belknap, who contributed advice and information. Readers who would like more details about Powell will find a wealth of information in Wallace Stegner's *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian*, and in a new (1957) reprint of Powell's report, *Exploration of the Colorado River*, with an introduction by Stegner.

Members of the NEVADA STATE FISH AND GAME COMMISSION contributed technical data used in our article on duck hunting on page 25, and Bernie Spencer and his sons generously contributed time and assistance.

PICTURE CREDITS: Smithsonian Institution for Powell portrait on page 18; Walt Disney Productions for illustrations on pages 23, 24; Mrs. Myrtle Myles for photos of Darrouchs on page 5 and Grantsville on page 7; Mrs. Louis Nelsen for Ophir Canyon views on pages 10, 11; and Willma Simpson for the photo of Mrs. Myles above. All other photos are by highway staff photographer, Adrian Atwater.



Above, another view of Kingston Canyon. Front cover, ruins of San Antonio Station.